

White Cloud

Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

AMERICA'S DESTINY.

There is a faith, a living faith—
I know not how or why—
That America, in her growing age,
Is yet so young to die;
And still, in her broad bosom deep,
A whispering cry to me:
"Your America, you must live and teach
The nations to be free."

I smile at man's philosophy,
However wise or great;
I look with calm, unflinching heart,
Upon a shattered State;
I hear, amid the woe of war,
The hopeful, thrilling cry:
"Your America, with her work undone,
Is yet so young to die."

Oh, tell me not of wealth or glory;
Of great, unwieldy might;
Of conquest in the name of fate,
Or of approaching night;
A cloud of wrath may come from Heaven,
A cloud may come from Hell;
But America, with her work undone,
Is yet so young to die."

And tell me not of ancient times,
Of "Glorious States" decay—
Their life was but a flickering light,
But now the light is here;
With you I see a conquering slave;
No noble laws defy;
And I think America, led too long,
To know the way to die."

I cannot yield a selfish heart
To any transient power;
The soul is made of noble things,
And must be made of more;
From God we come, from man we live,
With faith's discerning eye,
I look and feel, while time rolls on,
That America is yet so young to die.

SING A SONG, SIXPENCE.

Sing a song, sixpence,
Pick a full of eggs,
Four million blackbirds
Baked in a pie.
When the pie is opened,
The birds take to wing—
That's a pretty ditty,
To set before a King!
King Cotton is the pie,
Waiting for some owner;
Queen Vio is in the Cabinet,
But doesn't see the honey.
Secession's left out in the cold,
With feet and fingers frozen—
Along come the blackbirds,
And nip off her nose!

Select Tale.

MISSISSIPPI RIVER PIRATES.

During the early navigation of the Ohio and Mississippi, and the lumber and produce of the upper country had found a regular market in the lower, and the long line of the rivers had become dotted here and there with rafts, flat-boats and keel-boats, a regular organized band of desperadoes and robbers was formed, reaching from Virginia to New Orleans, whose purpose it was to steal and run off horses and negroes, and also capture, when it could be done by stratagem, or without too much personal risk, every well-laden boat that floated along in the vicinity of their secret haunts, which places were on different islands in the Mississippi, and isolated caves and all inaccessible retreats on the main land. It was therefore, no safe undertaking to go down to the lower country with a richly freighted boat, steering as it were between lines of Indians and river pirates; and many a well-armed, hardy, courageous crew, though prepared before-hand for all the risks and dangers, never returned to tell the adventures of the voyage.

Richard Morgan, one among the earliest of the Western pioneers, and who, in the year 1848, at the time we first met him, was living in a small village in the State of Indiana, once gave us a startling glimpse of these river perils, by means of a plain, honest, straightforward narrative of a most thrilling adventure that once occurred to himself, while on his way down the Mississippi, as one of the crew of a well-freighted keel-boat. Passing over some rather tedious preliminaries, which had nothing to do with the most interesting part of his story, we will relate the main facts, as nearly in his own language as our memory serves us; simply premising that, being an uneducated man, he used the idioms current with the rough settlers of his day.

"Well, one day, arter we'd got on to the old Mississippi, a good bit down below the mouth of the Ohio," pursued the narrator, with the same adherence to detail that he had used concerning the entire voyage down from his starting point, Cincinnati, "it come on to rain right arter, and continued so till near night, when it kind of held up and turned into a Scotch mist, with the promise of a powerful chance of night-fog, that we never liked none too well, 'ess it all'ays obliged us to lay up. It being my turn now at steering, I had hold of the tiller, keeping our party craft in the current, when the patron, as we used to then call the master or captain of the boat, came walking up rather slow, looking off to the dark forests on either hand, and says, says he:

"Dick, we're agwine to have a dark night!"
"We is," says I.
"It's agwine to be foggy enough to lay us up," says he.
"I spect," says I.
"And this here ain't the safest part of the world," says he.

"Reckon not," says I.
"That's a island ahead," says he, pointing down the river to what was in plain sight, "and it's said to be one of the nests of the cursed river pirates."
"We don't stop there then, in course?" says I.
"No," says he, "in course not; but the worst on't is, Dick, we shan't be able to pass it afore dark; and wharsoever we stop now, I'm afeard some of the seconders will see us; for besides sharp eyes, it's said they've got sharp ship-glasses, and some on 'em is all'ays looking out."

"Wall, Cap., I'll tell yer how to fool 'em," says I; "tie up right soon, whilst they kin see us do it of they're ther, and then, jist as soon as it gets too dark for 'em to see us longer, slip off and go down half-a-mile farder, which we kin venture to do, I reckon, in any fog."

"Wall, Dick, that seems the best plan, and I'll see what the rest of the boys says to it," says the patron, walking away to speak to 'em.
"In two or three minutes all hands came up and took the sweeps, and ran the boat over to the left bank, almost opposite the island, whar we pretended to make her fast for the night, all the time watching of we could see anybody looking at us, and not seeing any human. We didn't hev to wait long for dark—for the sun hadn't got fairly down when a thick fog rolled over us that you might hev out with a knife. So we cast off agin, and, using our sweeps keef and silent, we kept along down the shore, the best we could, without seeing nothing, for I reckon right about a mile or so, when punk we come up agin a maddy bank in a bend of the river, whar we had to stop whether or no."

"Wall, boys," says the patron, in a kind of loud whisper, "I guess this yere place will do as well as any; and so make her fast, and don't make no noise, nor show no lights, but git your shootin'-irons in order, and hev your guns and knives handy, so that if any devils come down to try that cursed hands on us, we kin send 'em to that Master Doo Below, right sudden!"

"We didn't none of us rayly think we'd hev any trouble whar we was, but we all knowed that couldn't be no harm in being ready for the worst; and so we seen to our rifles being loaded with two balls apiece, the priming put in fresh, and all our axes and knives whar we could put our hands on 'em in a second. Then, to do it up military—though every body 'spected to sleep like a cat over a mouse hole, with both ears open—two men was picked out to stand sentry on deck for three hours, and then another two to take their places; and so on till we started agin. It fell to my lot to come on about midnight; and so, as soon as I could, I went to sleep, and slept party sound, till called to take my turn at watching."

"When me and my watch-partner went up on deck that night, the fog war so thick that we couldn't hev seed two foot in daylight, and we had to feel every step just as if we was two blind men."

"Joel," says I, in a whisper, "I guess we both 'goss it blind' now, don't we?" says I, making a pun on poker, that we sometimes used to play together."

"Reckon we does, old boss, and thar's nobody kin 'see us, eyther!" says Joel, says he, in the same manner, with a kind of smothered up laugh.

"Arter this, we took our places to stand sentry, mine being highest the bow; and then, to keep ourselves awake and comfortable, we walked for'ard towards the centre, and back agin, sometimes whispering a word or two when we met, and sometimes not."

"Wall, I reckon we'd been walking up and down that ar' way about an hour, and I war jist thinking what a tiresome, sleepy kind of work it war to be teting a heavy ride up and down over the same tracks through the latest part of the night, when all at once, in going back from the centre towards the bow, I thought as how I brushed agin somebody."

"Hello!" says I, facing round; "this here ain't you, Joel, hey?"

"At that second I seen a kind of flash right close afore my eyes, and the next second, and for quite a several arter that, I didn't nyther see nothing more, nor know nothing wharsoever."

"When I come to agin, I war floundering in the water, and thar war the durndest set of noises ever my head that ever any poor mortal ever heard—shootin', pounding, stamping, jumping, shouting, coming, and growning—all mixed up together, as if all the fends of the infernal regions war let loose on 'arth. I guess instinct must hev teach me what to do the first minute or so—for I swam up and estobed hold of a bush that hung down into the water, and held on to it like grim death, all the time hearing the noise of a desperate fight going on close to me, but all my senses so confused and bewildered like, that I couldn't tell whar I war nor what was happening."

"Kill every—second of 'em!" I shouts out.
"Over with 'em to the drink, every infernal one of 'em!" yells another.
"Dead men tell no tales!" screamed a third.
"We've got 'em close, and must kill every nigger of 'em!" shrieks a fourth.
And the shouting, cutting, slashing, stamping and growning went on like mad, with every second or so somebody or other splashing into the water right near whar I was—that, with my senses fast coming back to me, I soon understood the thing, and remembered how it had begun. Then I wanted to git up on the boat and jine in; but my head somehow felt awful dizzy, and putting up my hand, I found a big furrow of flesh all tore up around the forehead to the back of my head, and knowed as how I'd been shot thar, and the ball had glanced round the skull bone instead of going thro' it. We'd been attacked by pirates, who was using us up quits fast in the dark; but I knowed I couldn't help none now, and thought it might be as well to take keef of myself, and git off alive if I could; and so I kept right still, praying unto myself for our side, though I spect my prayers didn't do no more good nor my hands."

"Wall, the fight didn't last a great while, afore all was stilled down; and then, by hearing one villain call out to another, and words of cheer pass amongst 'em, I knowed all war over at last, though some on 'em had gone to the place whar they belonged. But thar war a power on 'em that had pitched into us, and they'd won the fight and got the boat, which war all the living thieves keered for; and the way they felt tickled over it war a caution to strangers—leastways I thought I'd better not shoot with 'em, but keep my tongue to tell the story somewhat else. I war on the Kaintuck side of the river, up agin the bank, had my knife with me in my belt, and the cursed villains couldn't see a bit more'n I could; and so I spect I might git away, if my achin' head would hold together long enough—leastways, git to whar I could die alone in peace. So I went to crawling up the bank, all silent as a mouse; and when I'd got clean off into the bushes, I sat quietly down, feeling powerful faint; and tearing out a piece of lining from my coat, I bound up my head as well as I could."

"How the villains had found us out in the dark, and got aboard of us without making a noise, or a mystery to me to this day—unless the p'nt we'd ran into war right nigh a nest of 'em, which I rather suspect—but even then I'd a thought we'd a heard 'em amongst the bushes. But the fact war, they'd done it somehow, and that war all I ever knowed about it."

"I staid thar, on the bank, near the pirates, about an hour, and heard 'em making jolly over their capture." They found the whiskey, and had begun to hev a roaring time on't, when, my head feeling a little better, and knowing as how I couldn't help matters none by waiting longer, and that I'd best put up with country as I could 'tween me and them afore daylight, I got up and started off through the thick woods, not knowing nothing about whar I'd come out."

"I travelled on and on, till arter the sun had got up and cleared away the fog, and still I found myself in a thick, dark wood, with nary opening to be seed. Then I found a creek, got a good drink, washed the blood off my face, and rested thar a while; and then I travelled on and on agin, till I war a most tired out, and the sun war going well down west'ard, when I seen a smart chance of a settler's cabin, at which I war a heep glad, I tell you."

"Wall, I got to the place, told my story, and war treated right kind. I spent three days thar; and then, gitting the hull route party well into my mind, I sot off for home, which I reached alive, the only one of that thar keel-boat crew that ever done so. My story raised a big time generally, and war the means of getting the settlers started into a body of Regulators, to hunt down the pirates, boss-thieves and nigger-stealers; and in time they done it, and cleared the hull country of the villains, all the way down to New Orleans. I war present onen when three of 'em war hung up like dipped candles; and that thar, with my mad feelings agin 'em, I counted one of the partiest sights I ever seed."

Two Kinds of Democrats.

The following is an extract from a speech of Ex-Governor Wright of Indiana; it clearly shows the difference between true Democrats and Copperheads: "The assertion has been made that none but the Democratic party could save the country. But what class of Democrats do you mean are to save the country? Thomas Jefferson was a genuine Democrat. [Applause.] He had a Vice President of the name of Aaron Burr. Mr. Burr was inside of the Democratic organization. [Laughter.] Were they not both Democrats? Coming from Jefferson to Jackson, we find that Andrew Jackson had a Vice President by the name of John C. Calhoun. Was not Calhoun inside of the Democratic organization as much as General Jackson himself? Coming from Jackson we find Stephen A. Douglas; and was he not a representative of the old Jefferson-Jackson Democracy? At that time the country had a Vice President in the person of John C. Breckinridge, who was a Democrat too. Then we have Jefferson and Burr, Jackson and Calhoun, and Douglas and Breckinridge, all inside the Democratic ring. [Laughter.] Do you follow them last? [Cries of "no."] When you hear a man saying that the only party that can save the country is the Democratic party, be sure and ascertain what he means by the Democracy, whether it is genuine or bogus. There can be no such thing as a true Democrat who does not stand up for the war." [Long Applause.]

Miscellaneous.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

Am—From Gratitude for Mercies.

For battle, sleep and glory,
Upon the sea and land,
For fields new and in story,
Oh, God, we grateful stand
O'er time, victorious glancing,
Flame wide o'er hill and plain;
Our banners, broadly streaming,
Resume their starry sign.

II.
Hail on your floods, brave River,
Unto your Gulf-bound Sea;
No traitor's flag shall quiver
Upon your tides, now free.
O'er ocean lone-cruised,
Riding with shot and shell,
The golden corn, full-breasted,
Our victories shall tell.

III.
Ascend in thanks, ye mountains,
That reeked our lands;
Leap forth in praise, ye fountains;
Join East and West your hands,
O'er Country—one fervent
Historic now your fame,
No foreign foe can sever,
Nor self your glorious name.

IV.
And yet, amid our gladness,
The oppress, Lord, we bring;
Our hearts, that beat in sadness,
O'er new-made graves we ring.
Oh, patriot, who has given
The cherubim of thy love—
They're joined the ranks above.

V.
Thanks—that we are a Nation;
Thanks—for the iron fall;
Thanks—for the tribulation;
Thanks—for the dips and wall;
Give thanks the clouds the rainbow;
Add justice to renown;
Guard with Thy shield the poor, the low:
After the Cross, the Crown.

PERILS OF GETTING EXEMPTED.

Surgical Examination of a Conscript.

The other day Chief Engineer Dean, of the Fire Department, called at the office where I make shoes for a living, and handed me a big white envelope, notifying me that I was drafted, and must report myself for examination at Lawrence, on the 18th of August.

Now I consider it the duty of every citizen to give his life, if used be, for the defense of his country; so on the morning of the eventful 18th, I put on a clean shirt and my Sunday clothes, and started for Lawrence to see if I could get exempted.

Lawrence is situated on the Merrimac river, and its principal productions are mud, dust and factory girls. The city proper, at least that I saw, consisted of a long, narrow strip, up one flight of stairs, adorning overhead with a freecing of gas-meters, and carpeted with worn out tobacco quids, and furnished with one chair, two settees, and as many huge square packing cases, marked "Q. M. D." Scattered around this palatial entrance hall were some forty or fifty conscripts, looking very much as reason they expected to be exempted by reason of old age, before the young man with the ferocious moustache should notify them of their turn. Most of them, however, were doomed to disappointment, for while they counted the hours of delay, the door would suddenly open, and the tall young man would single out a man and march him through the open doorway to be seen no more.

By and by—that is, after several hours waiting—my turn came.

"John Smith!" shouted the doorkeeper.

"That's me," said I, and, with a cheer from the crowd, I entered a large square room where two persons sat writing at a table, and a third, evidently a surgeon, was examining a man in the last stage of nudity.

One of the writers at the table, a young man with curly eyes and blue hair, nodded to me, and dipping his pen in the ink, commenced—

"John Smith, what's your name?"

"John Smith," says I.

"Where were you born?"

"Podunk, Maine."

"What did your great-grand-mother die of?"

"Darned if I know," says I.

"Gall it happenstap," says he; "and your grand-father, too?"

"I don't care what you call it," says I, for I was a little riled at his incessant question.

"Did you ever have boils?" says he.

"Not a boil."

"Or fits?"

"Nary fit."

"Or delirium tremens?"

"No, Sir-ee."

"Or rickets?"

"I'll ricket you," says I, for I thought he meant something else.

Let your angry spirit rise, but take off your clothes, so I can see what you are made of."

"So I suppressed my anger, and with-drawing to a corner, I hung my clothes upon the floor, and presented myself for examination, clad only with the covering nature had given, except about a square inch of court plaster on my right shin, where I had fallen over a chair, the night before, feeling for a match."

"Young man," said the surgeon, looking me straight in the eye, "you have got the myopia."

"Yes, sir," said I, "and a good one, too—a little Bininger, with a drop of Stoughton, makes an excellent eye opener of a morning."

"And there seems to be an amanoetic tendency of the right eye, accompanied with ophthalmia."

"Shaw!" says I.

"And that white spot in the left eye betokens a catarrh."

"I guess you mean in the ear," says I, "cause I went in swimming this morning, and got an all-fired big bubble in my left ear," and here I jumped up and down two or three times on my left foot, but to no purpose. As soon as I stopped, he mounted a chair, and commenced feeling the top of my head.

"Was your family ever troubled with epilepsy?" says he.

"Only the two boys," says I; "when they catch them, my wife always goes at them with a fine tooth comb the first thing."

Jumping off the chair, he hit me a kick in the ribs that nearly knocked me over, and before I had time to remonstrate, his arms were round my neck and his head pressed against my bosom, the same way that Sophia Ann does, when she wants me to buy her some new bonnets and things.

"Just what I thought," says he, "tuberculosis and hemiplegia, combined with a defect in the scapular membrane, and incipient phthisis."

"Heavens!" says I, "what's that?"

"And cardiac disease."

"No?" says I.

"And pendaritis!"

"Thunder!" says I.

"Stop talking. Now count after me—"

"One," said I, dead with fright.

"Two," I yelled.

"Exotous of the right febrile! Three."

"Three," I gasped.

"Coxalgia. Four."

"Murder," said I. "Four."

"Confirmed duodenum of the right ventricle! Five."

"Oh! doctor, ain't you most thorough? I feel faint!"

"Through! No! Not half through. Why, my friend, Pandora's box war nothing to your chest. You have apyrenia, and onchologia, and perisagea, and—"

Here my knees trembled, and so I leaped against the table for support.

"And permanent luxation of the interior lobe of the right phalanx."

My only answer was a deprecatory groan.

"And serofulous diathesis and omni-opodites."

I sank to the floor in despair.

"Relaxation!" he yelled, for he saw I was going fast—"and maxilliarium and—"

I got exempted.

A Soldier's Advice.

Gen. Carrington, on a recent visit to an Indiana regiment, made the following sensible speech:—

"I soon leave you—do not expect a speech. I am a man of few words. They will seem homely, but they are the result of experience. First, avoid profane speech. He who is the God of battles, and holds the issues of life, should be revered, if you would have his blessing. The man who honors His holy name is a true soldier. He fears not to die, because he is prepared for the issue of death. Temperance is the next virtue. The best stimulus to a soldier is his coffee. Liquors are temporary, and bring relaxation, and they also involve bad habits. Water should be used frequently, but in small draughts. Too much water at a time involves perspiration, and weakens the body. Drink it often, but always in moderation. Be chaste and truthful. Be as good citizens in the service as out of it. Bathing is important; keep clean. If your feet are sore after a march, bathe them in soft water, and you will be fresh in the morning. In closing, let me say that nothing pains me so much as to see a soldier who forgets his duty as a citizen, and a Christian. Be so pure that your wives and sweethearts will honor every step of your progress as a soldier. If we meet again, it will be my pleasure and duty to serve the country with you; if not, be true to the flag, and your country will honor you. To yourself, all I have to say, after two days drill, is, I am satisfied. Take that as a soldier's good bye."

Among the extraordinary things of the day is a trip from London to Switzerland and back for £4, losing every thing that any one else has seen before, and as much more as possible. Travellers of the old school will read this with astonishment.

"Ugh! How do you make out that you are exempted, eh?"

"I'm over age, I am a Negro, a Minister, a Cripple, a British Subject, and a Habitual Drunkard."

NATIONAL HYMN.

BY REV. T. H. STOCKTON.

"In the name of God we will set up our banner!"

(Psalm XXV.)

Verse—Marching Song.

In the name of Jehovah, our banner we raise,
With its stars and its stripes pledged anew to its faith;
'Tis the emblem of Truth, 'tis the standard of Right,
'Tis the herald of Liberty, Union and Light.

CHORUS.

And this flag of our fathers, in God's name we cherish,
O'er their children shall wave to the end of the world.

II.

If it ever prove false to its glorious trust,
May its folds drag it down with contempt to the dust;
But as long as 'tis true to the banner it holds,
Still the arm of Omnipotence bear up its folds.

III.

Here at home, with one sky and one land, let it be
The flag of one people, harmonious and free;
From the North to the South, from the East to the West,
With no taint to part us, no war to molest.

IV.

So should on all seas and all shores let it shine,
As the symbol of manhood, redemption and divine;
That the dust-trodden nations in triumph may rise,
With their feet on their chains and their brows to the skies.

The Wealth of Nevada.

Were the debt of our nation to amount to 20,000,000,000 of dollars, there is wealth enough there when our debt is paid off, to give to every soldier who returns from our battle-fields muskets of silver instead of iron, and when our iron-clads have come back from the scenes of victory before Charleston and Mobile and have swept away the defenses of Wilmington, when the iron-clads come back into our harbors, there shall be silver enough left to plate those boats more heavily than they are now plated with iron. I do not speak now from idle speculation, but I speak of that wealth from observation and actual calculation. When in California, I visited the mines, and I thought the time would come when they would be exhausted; but in the mines of Nevada there are no such indications visible. The more the mines are worked, the richer they yield. The extent of the lodes containing the precious metal no man has yet been able to measure. I will mention a single instance, to give you some idea of the inexhaustible supply. In what is termed the Ophir mine, a single lode, as it is called there, is 55 feet in thickness, and inclines only at an angle of five degrees. Think of the extent of that—nearly as far as from this altar to you wall. This is all silver mingled with gold. There is more gold in value than silver, but more silver in weight than gold. The company have only 900 feet working, and out of that they are now realizing about ten thousand dollars a day. There is something peculiar about it, that the deeper the mine extends, the richer and more profitable it becomes. When I was there they had penetrated 200 feet. There were five chambers which they had dug out, one under the other, leaving large pillars to support the roof. They would sink a shaft forty feet, make another platform, dig out the metal, leaving pillars as before, and then sink another. One of the Directors told me that each lower platform gave as much yield as all the other platforms above combined—that is, the fifth platform was as valuable in its yield as the four above it put together. Such wealth never was a matter of content among all the powers of the earth before.—*Bishop Simpson.*

Consequences of a War Between England and the United States.

Mr. Goldwin Smith, whose acknowledged ability and moral influence in England, says the European Times, stands as high as that of any of the thinkers of the present day, has written a letter in which he takes a very gloomy view of the result that would follow a war with the United States. He says:

"If a war with America comes, it will bring devastation and misery to both sides. It will stop the outlet of emigration, which is alike useful at this moment to replenish America and to relieve England; it will sweep the commerce of England from the seas, which will swarm with privateers under the fatal precedent which we have ourselves established, and it will deprive America of her best customer; it will carry terror into American seaports, and hence into the homes of English colonists; it will prevent America from putting out the last fires of the rebellion, and it will, perhaps, before it has ended, kindle similar fires in Ireland. But it will do worse than all this in the eyes of those who, not blinded by the passions of the hour, look forward to the future of our race. It will undo, and much more than undo, the work of reconciliation, of which the affection—for it was something deeper or than antipathism—with which the Americans received but the other day the descendant and heir of George III was the pledge and the expression. It will put sanity for another bitter century between the two portions of the Anglo-Saxon race, one in blood, in language, in religion, in literature, in the essence, whatever may be the outward forms, of their free institutions, and one in their destined action on the future progress of mankind."

"I thank you, one and all, for your sympathies and offerings," writes Lord Lansdowne, of Canada West, to the Democrats of Ohio. "The martyr," like other wretched men, is thankful for very small favors."

We hope that nobody will hit Basil Duke on the head and knock John Morgan's brains out.—*Low Journal.*

A distinction with a difference—last year the watering places were O. K. This year they are all M. T.

Some rumors propose that ladies who clamor for their rights should be made to do military duty. They wish to enlist, and become their "companions in arms."

Motto for a pig of lead—"If the rebellion continues, I wish I may be shot!"

"Sammy, what business is your father in?" "Why, he's a waiter at the White House." "A waiter! I thought he was a 'goin' into the army!" "So he is, and he is a waiter for a commissary as Brigadier General."

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